

Heap Little Man.

(Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.)

Joe was a street gambo who joined us at the close of the civil war and marched with us to the Indian country. He was ragged and dirty and wicked—tougher than any bumster the war produced. We all tried to make him better, but failed. He was taken in hand by General Custer, but with no better luck.

Joe was allowed to hang out with us and make the long journey to Fort Leavenworth in our company. Some of the officers tried to bounce him, but we of the rank and file helped him to get through. He wasn't old enough to enlist, there was no show for him as a bugler, and when we finally started across the plains he was ordered to remain behind. We bade him goodbye, but three days afterward he overtook us, having a mule of his own. He was also armed with a serviceable revolver. The officers shot their eyes to his presence for three or four days, and then he was ordered back with some newspaper men and others. He then did a thing to show that he was utterly without fear. Instead of going back in company he went ahead all alone. For two days he kept ahead of the command and then rode back to report a force of Indians gathered to dispute our progress. He brought in an Indian arrow in his saddle and another in his mule's rump as proofs that he had been to the front. His information was acted on, and it was through it that we gave the Sioux a good tanning.

Joe's display of pluck made him solid, so to say. He was permitted to hang about camp, and the company tailor fixed him up a uniform. Thereafter he was one of us in a way, and he paid for his rations ten times over by serving the officers. When kindly spoken to there was nothing he wouldn't do to oblige. When ordered to do anything he was as stubborn as a mule. More than a dozen times he went on scouts all alone, and twice he brought in the ponies and weapons of Indians he killed. It was for this that the Kaw Indian scouts who had with him named him Heap Little Man. There wasn't a trooper in the brigade that wouldn't have contributed money to send the boy back east into good hands, but he wouldn't hear of it. He could neither read nor write, but he knew the value of silver and paper money and said that was enough for him.

The boy had a good voice for singing and had remembered the airs and words of a score of songs, but when out of camp and on the march he never sang but one song, and that only the chorus of "John Brown's Body." He'd sing that over and over until some of the officers came along and bade him hush. The rest of us might turn out for boots and saddles at midnight, cursing the weather and the order, but Joe would turn out singing that chorus. We'd go into a fight cheering, but he never cheered. Instead you'd hear his shrill voice piping—

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
As we go marching on."

We tried to keep him out of the fights, but it was no use. He would disobey orders or break away from his guards, and when he mixed in he went straight to the front. He had a score to be proud of, but no one ever heard him brag. He fought because fighting was a part of his programme. When complimented on his bravery he gave no thanks in reply.

When we started on that winter Wichita campaign Joe was with us. We started out in a snowstorm, with the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and Heap Little Man singing the old chorus. Military history will tell you that the camps of the Indians along the Wichita were located before midnight and that Custer's command had to wait hours for breakfast. The snow was two feet deep and the night freezing cold, but every trooper had to dismount and stand by his horse. No moving—no talking. Joe stood next to me, and I do not think he shivered once. Over and over again in a whisper he sang his chorus and now and then let up to say that he hoped there were at least 5,000 Indians in the camp and that we should have a good fight of it. I don't think there was a man or officer there that night that took things as coolly as that kid. He was the first one mounted as the whispered order came along, and "Garry Owen" as we charged then he followed it with his slogan. We made a complete surprise, but the Indians rallied after a bit and put up a stiff defense. When it was over and we were ordered into line for roll call Joe was missed. His name was not on the roll, but we looked around in vain. Then he and others were sought for. The fight had raged up and down the stream for two miles, but we found Joe within half a mile of where the headquarters flag had been set up and where the fight had been the hottest. He was lying in the snow with his dead mule not far away. Around him were the dead bodies of three buck Indians and a squaw. The latter had a rifle in her hands and had fought as well as the men. Joe had three wounds and was dying, but he had not lost consciousness. As we lifted him up he smiled and called us by name and asked how the fight had gone. Then his bloody lips parted, and, trying to wave his hand, he sang for the last time on earth, and he sang it to the tears of his comrades:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
As we go marching on."

M. QUAD.

Arizona.

The original name of Arizona was Arizuma, a Zuni word signifying "silver bearing" and presumably referring to the mines worked for their precious metal even before the discovery of America.

KOREAN REBELS FIGHT HARD

50 Japanese Soldiers Killed in Battle

ON RUSSIAN FRONTIER

The Conditions Are Better, Is the Report to Tokio—Natives to the Number of 4,000 Enlist as Police.

St. Petersburg, July 23.—The Bourse Gazette publishes a dispatch from Harbin which recites an engagement with Korean insurgents on the Russo-Korean frontier in which it is reported that fifty Japanese soldiers were killed. The insurgents' losses are not known.

CONDITIONS IMPROVE IN KOREA?

This the Report Reaching Tokio—Natives Being Drilled.

Tokio, July 23.—Prince Ito, the Japanese president general in Korea, is at his country residence at Oiso, and will be received in audience by the emperor next Thursday. The prince says he will return to Korea in October. It is understood that the new government will not change the Korean policy. The 4,000 Koreans who have enlisted in the gendarmerie are now being drilled under Japanese officers and will soon be distributed through the disturbed districts. Dispatches from Seoul indicate a decided improvement in the conditions in the outlying provinces.

WOMAN KILLED IN A SUMMER HOUSE.

Police Believe She Was Lured to a Secluded Park in Williamsburg, New York.

New York, July 23.—A well dressed young woman was found dead yesterday in a summer house in Irving park, Williamsburg, with a bullet wound in the right side of her forehead. A search of the shelter where she was found and of the park surrounding it gave no trace of the revolver with which the shot was fired.

The police have come to the conclusion that the young woman was lured there and murdered. There has been nothing found which would in any way identify the woman, and the whole case is completely shrouded in mystery. There is no explanation of how the house, which was locked Tuesday night by John McMahon, a park attendant, came to be open, how the girl got there, or where the revolver which killed her went.

The summer house where the girl was found is in the Ridgewood section of Williamsburg, but is utilized as a store-room for tools and lumber which the park workmen use. It was locked Tuesday night by McMahon, and how it came to be unlocked is one of the mysteries of the case. The doors of the other parts of the building were securely fastened when the police arrived.

HE WAS SCARED.

Why the Drummer Made Record Time Out of Pittsburgh.

"I am not a man to brag," said the Cincinnati drummer, "but I feel that I can honestly say that I was never real scared but one time in my life, and that happened a year ago."

When asked in a casual way to back up his statement with particulars, he continued:

"I was at a hotel in Pittsburgh. I had a room on the third floor, and in coming out of it on an occasion I bumped against a man who was passing. I was feeling in ugly mood that day and when the bump came I shot off my mouth at the stranger. He replied in kind, and I suddenly shot out my left and caught him on the point of the chin and dropped him like a log."

"And you thought you had killed him?"

"No. He lay there and snored like a seal, and I went downstairs and told the clerk he had better see to him. Three minutes later I had twenty different men around me begging me to 'fix my life.'"

"But why?"

"Because I had knocked out a middleweight prize fighter who had won over thirty battles. Gee whiz, but when they told me who the chap was my knees gave under me, my mouth got dry as cotton, and I didn't stop for my grip. I was dusting across the river within ten minutes, and I didn't feel safe for the next three days. Lordy, but think of it—a dry goods drummer who had never had a glove on knocking out a champion middleweight! Did I run? Well, I made record time, all right."—Chicago News.

One Billiards' Boards.

This is a description given of a billiard table made for Queen Elizabeth's successor and paid for out of the exchequer: "One billiards' boards twelve foot long and four foot wide, the frame being walnuttree, well wrought and carved, with eight great skrews and eighteen small skrews."

Babies With Daggers.

The art of self defense is inculcated early among some of the wilder tribes of the Caucasus, who instruct their children as soon as they can walk in the use of the dagger.

Ether.

Ether was known to the earliest scientists.



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death."

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured."

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Barn in the Rain.

Gray barn and druggled meadow,
Blurred green of grass and leaves,
The sky an awful shadow,
For on her gray face weaves

The rain with silver threads,
That flick the muddy puddle,
That rattle on the snells
Where the cold cattle huddle!

Then oh, the haymow soft
And deep and dark and warm,
On sweet hay piled aloft—
While overhead the storm

Sweeps the wet shingles, drips
At eaves, makes music wild—
We listen: the soul slips
Years back and is a child.

Somehow as at the start
We turn from Life's hot foam,
Get in the World's warm heart,
Yea, make Earth's heart our home!

And lie there warm, secure,
Yea, as a child of five,
Heart cleansed, serene and pure
And glad to be alive.

—James Oppenheim in Woman's Home Companion for August.

The Honker Haunted.

"What makes old Blank so uneasy when a motor car comes along?"

"Why, his wife ran away in one and he is always afraid she is coming back."—Tit Bits.

All-Around Sport.

Redd—His game of golf reminds me of a motor boat.

Green—How so?

"Why, its put-put-put-put-put."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Issue.

"How political parties change. For instance, Prohibitionists were quite strong some years ago, but now they're declining."

"I've observed quite the opposite. Instead of declining, some of the Prohibitionists are accepting now."—Catholic Standard.

Waiting For Good Luck.

The foolish man sits down, Without the wish to strive, And twirls his thumbs and waits For good luck to arrive.

The wise man bares his arms And works to make the way smooth one for the good. Luck that may come some day. —New York Herald.

Faith and Works.

Johnny—What would you do if you was out in the deep water and a great big shark was comin' right at you?

Tommy—I'd do a short prayer, and then I'd swim like the old scratch.—Chicago Tribune.

Watered Stock.

Baker—How did you find out their stock was watered?

Barker—I dabbed in it.—New York Life.

Feline.

Stella—When people go to the country they leave the cats behind.

Bella—Then where do all those on the hotel piazzas come from?—New York Sun.

Where He Went.

A bore who asked, "Isn't it cold?" Was finally shot. And now he's exclaiming, "We're told: 'Whew! Isn't it hot?'" —Philadelphia Press.

Information Wanted.

Short—I can't pay you for a few weeks yet. I lost a lot of money recently in speculating.

Long—Indeed? Whose was it?—Chicago News.

GUARANTEES WORLD PEACE

Opinion on Fallieres Visit to Russia

WILL DRAW BRITAIN

And Allies Closer—The German Press Comment Very Calm—Quieter Tone Causes Satisfaction in the Russian Capital.

St. Petersburg, July 23.—The official plans for the reception of President Fallieres at Reval follow the general lines of those adopted at the meeting between King Edward and Emperor Nicholas. There will be an exchange of gala dinners, the first night on board the Russian imperial yacht Standart, and the second night on board the French battleship Verite. The duration of the French president's stay, it is expected, will be about thirty hours. He will arrive about three o'clock in the afternoon of July 27. Russian official circles fully concur in the French declaration of the great significance of the French president's visit, as tending to strengthen the entente between Great Britain, Russia and France, which would serve to further guarantee the world's peace. The quietest of the German press comments concerning President Fallieres is causing satisfaction here.

GRETE BEIER EXECUTED.

Daughter of Mayor of Freiberg Beheaded for Murder of Man.

Freiberg, Saxony, July 23.—Grete Beier, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the mayor of Freiberg, was beheaded Tuesday night some time between dark and dawn, in punishment for the murder of the man to whom she was engaged to be married. The executioner, as usual, was an anonymous person, who was sent down here from Dresden on the announcement that the king of Saxony had refused to pardon Grete Beier for her crime.

This young girl's carefully planned murder of her fiancé attracted international attention. She was seemingly a happy and fun-loving girl. The social position of her family was very good, and she became engaged to Herr Pfeiffer, a rich young professional man. At her trial it was brought out, and she admitted with the utmost simplicity, that she visited her fiancé's house one evening, gave him cyanide of potassium in a drink she mixed for him, and then, to make sure of his death, she shot him in the mouth with his own revolver.

She then dropped the weapon at the dead man's side, placed a forged will in her own favor on his desk, together with a note of good-bye, also forged, saying that he feared to lose her love through the revelation of a dishonorable liaison. These forgeries were so skillfully done that they successfully deceived the police and coroner. Grete fell under suspicion about a month after the crime through a loveletter she wrote to an unworthy man hinting at what she had done. This letter was found on this man's person when he was arrested for a misdemeanor.

TAKE WILD MAN.

Patersen's Harmless Neighbor Had Lived on Berries and Grass.

Patersen, July 23.—Under surveillance in the jail here yesterday was a man who for the last two weeks had been spreading terror among the residents, and especially the women, of Midvale, near here. He was arrested by Constable Cook.

The man is Alfred Delapio and he is an Italian. He was first noticed several days ago in a hunt for berries and grass. He had lived on berries and red clover for some time.

Several times he badly frightened women and children by appearing about the premises of homes in town. He was usually told to leave and, as far as can be learned, he never injured any of the women or children.

Word was sent to Justice Donald, who issued a warrant after making an investigation of the case. Constable Wilson took organized a posse to take the stranger into custody.

The posse was armed with muskets, but Delapio offered no resistance and was brought here and locked up. The county physician will make an examination of the man as to his sanity.

HUSBAND ACCUSED

Of Murdering His Wife in Brooklyn Yesterday.

New York, July 23.—Andrew D. Crosey, a veterinary surgeon, living in the Bath beach section of Brooklyn, yesterday, it is alleged, shot and killed his wife, Gertrude, from whom he had been separated since last fall.

Servants alarmed by the shooting notified the police, who found Crosey waiting for them at the doorway of the house. "I did it," is the greeting the officers say Crosey gave them as they approached him and then he led them upstairs to where Mrs. Crosey body was lying across the bed. The police assert that the woman's clothing was torn as though there had been a struggle before the shooting. Crosey, a man about 47 years old, is well known in the section where he lived and comes from a family that has been prominent in the affairs of the Bath beach section for a great many years. He was locked up to await the action of the coroner.

RICH MIDOW IS TO WED A COUNT.

Mrs. John B. Stetson to Be the Bride of Eulalia, Portuguese Consul at Chicago.

Chicago, July 23.—Mrs. John B. Stetson, widow of the millionaire hat manufacturer, admitted in Philadelphia yesterday that she was to marry the Count Santa Eulalia, Portuguese consul in Chicago, who has lived at the Auditorium Annex for several years, playing at diplomacy, shining in society, toying with sculpture and dabbling in painting, at which latter pastime he has been able to make not a few dollars.

In announcing her engagement to Eulalia, Mrs. Stetson said that her coming marriage was based entirely upon love. She scorned a suggestion that her great wealth could figure in the romance, and displayed a number of paintings executed for her by the titled hand of Mantua.

It is said that the count is hastening toward Philadelphia and his fiancée. An early wedding without ostentation is said to be on the program, followed by a European tour, during which Mrs. Stetson expects to be presented at the courts of the continent as the Countess Santa Eulalia.

Count Eulalia's full name and title is impressive: "Alexio de Queiroz Ribeiro de Sotte Major d'Almeida Vasconcellos de O Nemeaz Fidalgo Cavaleiro Da Sua Real Casa. The part in quotations is the family name of the count, while the rest of the paragraph in brief means that he is a cavalier of the royal house of Lisbon.

Euclid.

In the schools of the present day Euclid's elements of geometry, written over 2,000 years ago, is used as a text book. Euclid also wrote on music and optics antedating much we think we have discovered.

An Ancient Game.

The Byzantine princes played a game which differed very little from our modern polo.

Making Good.

There is no way of making lasting friends like "Making Good" and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have not made drunkards.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior qualities are soon manifest, hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secret, no hocus-pocus humbug, therefore don't accept a substitute that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. Insist on your right to have what you feel for.

Don't buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for women's special ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve it is unequalled. It won't satisfy those who want "bombs," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the original Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy—one to three a dose. Much misquoted but never equaled.

Kodol

For Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

If you suffer from Indigestion or Dyspepsia; if you are annoyed with gas on the stomach, fullness after eating, belching, sour stomach, heartburn, etc., a few doses of Kodol will relieve you.

If you knew as well as we do how good a preparation Kodol is for indigestion and dyspepsia it would be unnecessary for us to guarantee a single bottle.

But to get you to know how good it is as well as we know, we practically will purchase the first bottle for you.

You wonder, perhaps, how we can afford to make such an offer—it is because we have absolute confidence in the honesty and fairness of the public.

We know there are thousands of persons who suffer from indigestion and dyspepsia who would be grateful to us for putting them in touch with Kodol.

That is why.

Furthermore, we know that after you have used Kodol your faith in the preparation will be equal to ours.

This proposition we make is not altogether unselfish, but it is actuated by the knowledge that the use of Kodol by you will benefit you as well as ourselves.

How could we afford to make such an offer to the public, and how could we afford to spend thousands of dollars to tell you about it unless we positively knew and were sure of the merits of Kodol.

We couldn't—it would bankrupt us.

But we know the merits of Kodol and we want you to know.

A perfect digester must contain many ingredients each in proper proportion.

It must be a liquid, because all those ingredients cannot be put into dry form.

It must be able to digest any food, or any mixtures of food, and completely.

Kodol does that even in a glass test tube. No other digester can.

Kodol alone does all of the work. It stops all irritation, and gives the stomach complete rest.

It has taken us years to get a perfect digester, but we certainly have it now.

Please try it today at our risk.

It means more than relief. It means that the stomach will do its own work far sooner than you'll expect.

Kodol digests all the food you eat.

Eat what you want and let Kodol digest it.

Our Guarantee

Get a dollar bottle of Kodol, and do it today. Don't delay. And if you can honestly say that you did not receive any benefits from it after you have used the entire bottle the druggist will refund your money to you without question or delay. We will pay the druggist the price of the bottle purchased by you.

Any druggist will give you Kodol on these terms, because he knows our guarantee is good.

The \$1.00 bottle contains 24 times as much as the 50c bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Some Warm-Weather Salads.

"One of the prettiest of the luncheon or supper salads is made by cutting the top from a green pepper, removing the seeds with a knife or a stick—they burn the skin if touched with the fingers—and filling the basket thus made with the chicken or lobster salad."

says Christine Terhune Herrick in the August Woman's Home Companion.

"Each pepper may be placed on a lettuce leaf and crowned with a spoonful of mayonnaise. Another salad is prepared by hollowing a tomato and filling it with dice of cucumber, or peeling a cucumber, cutting it in half lengthwise, scooping out the inside, and replacing this with dice of tomatoes. Serve either tomato or cucumber on a lettuce leaf, and garnish with cucumber ribbons. These are made by shaving the peel from the outside of a cucumber and then slicing this. Take a slice—it should be rather thick—and with a sharp knife cut this in a spiral as would pare an apple. The shaving must be very thin, as it is not long before the seedy center is reached, and only the flesh of the cucumber will serve for the ribbons. Cucumber boats filled with shrimps are a satisfactory dish for a cold supper. Mayonnaise is served with this, or a good boiled dressing. The cucumbers halved and filled with either sliced or diced cucumber, served on lettuce, garnished with cucumber ribbons and with strips of the scarlet sweet pepper cut very thin, make a good dish."

BRYAN AND TAFT

One Stands for Reform by Legislation, the Other Believes in Ucing Executive and Judicial Powers

These two men do not differ essentially in the final analysis of their programs. They would return to competition, which socialism and the trusts would abolish. They want the struggle for survival to go on; it is to be a fair fight, but a fight, and for wealth, too, even between Capital and Labor. Bryan, having had more time to reflect and having lived out West, where the problems of business and politics are clearer and simpler, sees them more definitely than Roosevelt and Taft, who have been men of action always. For example, Bryan goes at the problem of poverty consciously. All his policies are directed, as he himself points out, at excessive wealth which is, at bottom, the same as excessive poverty. And besides the remedies listed above, he advocates an inheritance tax and, more important still, "a tax on incomes as a regular item in our fiscal system." So does Taft advocate these measures; but Bryan sees their relation to other taxes. The constitutional objection of the Supreme Court Bryan meets with a proposition to amend the Constitution. Taft regards this as unnecessary. Indeed, Taft doesn't want any more legislation than is necessary to make our present laws effective. And there we have a big difference between the two men.

Woman's Home Companion for August

The August issue of Woman's Home Companion is full of delightful stories—just the right sort of mid-summer reading. Just to pick up the magazine and look at the little Dutch boy and the windmill on the cover makes you feel cool and comfortable. Then, when you open the magazine, you come across enough stories and entrancing illustrations to give you enjoyment for the entire month.

Some of the authors are Temple Bailey, Juliet Wilbur Tomkins, Marion Hill, Ruth Wilson Herrick, May Isabel Fiske, Clinton Dagerfeldt and Harvey J. O'Higgins. And when we tell you that these stories are illustrated by Orson Lowell, Alice Barber Stephens, Charlotte Weber-Ditzler and other famous artists, you will appreciate what a treat this summer magazine has in store for you.